

The Historie

*Prin.* Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaffs sword so hackt?

*Peto.* Why, hee hackt it with his dagger, and said hee would sweare trueth out of England, but he would make you beleue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to doe the like.

*Car.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seauen yeere before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuices.

*Prin.* O villaine, thou stolest a cup of Sacke eightene yeers ago, and wert taken with the maner, and euer since thou halt blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bar.* My Lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

*Prince.* I doe.

*Bar.* What thinke you they portenda?

*Prin.* Hotliquers, and coldpurses.

*Bar.* Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Prin.* No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes leane Iacke, here comes bare bone: how now my sweete creature of bum-bast, how long is't ago, Iacke, since thou saw'st thine owne knee?

*Fal.* My owne knee? when I was about thy yeeres (Hal) I was not an Eagles talent in the waste: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe ring: a plague of sighing & griefe, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villainous neives abroad, here was sir Iohn Braby from your father: you must to the Court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy, and he of Wales, that gaue Amanton the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the diuell his true liegeman vpon the crosse of a Welsh hooke: what a plague call you him?

*Posnes.* O, Glendower.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen, the same, and his sonne in law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scottes, Dowglas, that runnes a horse-backe vp a hill perpendicular.

*Prin.* He that rides at high speede, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

of Hen

*Fal.* You haue hit it.

*Prin.* So did he neuer the sp

*Fal.* Well, that rascall hath runne.

*Prin.* Why, what a rascall a running?

*Fal.* A horsebacke (ye cuck a foote.

*Prin.* Yes Iacke, vpon insti

*Falst.* I grant ye, vpon insti Mordacke, and a thousand bl away to night, thy fathers bea you may buy land now, as che

*Prin.* Why then, it is like, this ciuill buffering hold, we sh

*Falst.* By the masse, lad, the good trading that way: but, to

afeard: thou being here appar out three such enemies againe rit Percy, & that diuell Glend doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*Prin.* Not a whit ifaith, I lac

*Falst.* Well, thou wilt be rhou comest to thy father, i siuere.

*Prince.* Do thou stand for the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content. This ger my scepter, and this cushi

*Prin.* Thy state is taken for a for a leaden dagger, and thy bald crown.

*Fal.* Well, and the fire o now shalt thou be mooued. C my eyes looke redde, that i for I must speake in passion, a name.

*Fal.*